STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #8

"THE WINTER WAR"

by

Micah Ian Wright

First Draft 10/12/02

Wildstorm Comics
888 Prospect Avenue
La Jolla, CA 912037

Stormwatch: Team Achilles
Issue #8: “The Winter War”
Written by Micah Ian Wright
First Draft
October 6, 2002

PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. A man walks into a flower shop. The florist has his back to the door and is getting a heavy pot off a high shelf.

Our shopper, JUKKO HÄMÄLÄINEN, has his back to camera. He wears a thick peacoat with the collar up, jeans, nice leather gloves and a longshoreman’s knit cap pulled down low over his ears.

CAPTION
New York City.

SOUND E/FX
DING DING

FLOWER GUY
I’ll be right with you. Is there something in particular you're looking for today?

JUKKO
Yes, I have an unusual request...

FLOWER GUY
Well, we specialize in rare flowers.

JUKKO
Flowers mean various things, correct? Roses signify love...

FLOWER GUY
Sure, Dandelions mean faithfulness, Petunias mean you’re angry... it goes on and on. Why, what you got in mind?

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Closer on the back of Jukko’s head as the Florist turns around. He’s horrified by Jukko’s face but is trying to hide it.

JUKKO
What flower represents “**Days Go By?**”

JUKKO
And they just keep going by. **Endlessly.**

JUKKO

Endlessly **pulling you**... **into the future.**

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Over the shoulder shot of the Flowershop guy looking at Jukko’s fucked up face. Jukko wears his hat low and large sunglasses to hide his eyes, but his face is still so scarred and fucked up that it’s terrifying.

JUKKO

What flower would mean ***THAT?***

FLOWER GUY

White Lily.

JUKKO

Mmm. I’ll take some of those.

FLOWER GUY

Okay. Uhhh... I don’t think that whole message will fit on a gift card.

JUKKO

Don’t worry...

PAGE 2 **2**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. 3/5 page tall. Snow-covered crosses wooden crosses stretch out across a snowy field. Row after row of graves off to the horizon line. Hundreds of Thousands of Graves. All of the crosses look home-made. Two pieces of wood strapped together. Very Crude.

In the midground two reindeer chew on a patch of grass peeking through the snow. The insinuation here being that there are NO people around to scare them off.

In the foreground, Jukko (in the same clothes he was wearing earlier) stands in front of three graves which are decidedly different than the rest of the crosses. These are made with stones piled up to shoulder height... like cairns. At the base of the middle cairn, in a simple glass vase are the White Lillies.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
...I’ll deliver it in person.

CAPTION
Rajamäki, Finland.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Close on Jukko, crying. His face contorted in sorrow.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Slight upshot on Jukko as he wipes his eyes and turns away from the graves.

IMPORTANT: Above Jukko, the sky is a sickly pale Green. This is NOT a Natural Color! It is caused by a country-wide forcefield-type shield.

JUKKO
I’m done, Pekka. Open the masking wall, please.

PEKKA (DISEMBODIED VOICE)
As you wish, Jukko.

PAGE 3 **3**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Jukko uses a satellite phone (larger than a normal cel phone with a thumb-thick antenna about four inches long). IMPORTANT: The sky above him is a clear sky-blue, clouds, birds, sunlight.

JUKKO
Tefibi, the masking-wall is up. I'm ready here.

TEFIBI (OVER RADIO)
Roger that, Jukko. Get ready for the corpse expres-uh, oh, Jeez, Jukko, I didn't mean anything-

JUKKO
It's okay, Khalid. Just drop me in front of the building... I'll walk in.

TEFIBI
Uh, yeah, okay, powering up.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. A StormWatch teleport circle opens up.

PEKKA (DISEMBODIED VOICE)
Goodbye, Jukko.

JUKKO
Remember what we talked about, Pekka.

PEKKA (DISEMBODIED VOICE)
Are you sure about this?

JUKKO
It's the best way, Pekka. Farewell.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Camera low to the ground. In the bacground, Jukko walks through a StormWatch teleport circle.

In the fore-to-midground are the three Cairns. A large stone at the base of the leftmost cairn has “LEMMINKÄINEN” carved into it. A large stone at the base of the center cairn reads “KYLLIKKI.” A large stone on the right cairn reads “PEKKA VILJO.”

PEKKA (DISEMBODIED VOICE)
Farewell, my friend.

PAGE 4 **4**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. RED! EVERYTHING IS RED HUED! We’re inside Project Entry with Jukko.

The idea of Project Entry is this: This teleporter works by shifting you to a parallel Earth, moving you from location to location on THAT Earth, then beaming you back to our planet.

The hink comes from the fact that EVERYONE and EVERYTHING on that other planet is dead. Killed in morbid, sick fucking ways by a crazed superhuman. Awful. Horror upon horror. But not yet. Not in this shot... this is just to set the mood.

Oh, and to make everything worse, time has STOPPED on this planet, so these bodies will NEVER rot away

Over the shoulder shot on Jukko’s POV in front of him. No graves. Thirty feet away or so is a blue circle. Jukko trudges through the snow towards the glowing blue circle.

Strange lightning fills the sky. The trees are all burnt and black, split and dead. No grass. No animals... but the same place as where Jukko was... just on a dead planet.

CAPTION
Rajamäki, Finland... ENTRY UNIVERSE.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko stops.

JUKKO
...

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko turns to look back at where he came from.

JUKKO
Don’t look back. Don’t.

PAGE 5 **5**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. THERE ARE NO GRAVES in the Red Project Entry World, just a massive pile of dead bodies piled into an enormous pyramid reaching up into the sky. The circle Jukko walked through is still there, though, in front of the pyramid. The Cairns are visible through the open circle into normal Earth.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko continues walking towards the blue circle.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko steps through the Blue Circle.

PAGE 6 **6**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. We’re still in the Project Entry Universe, so everything’s ALL REDDISH. Over-the-shoulder of Jukko’s POV as he exits the glowing blue circle. Slight upshot. He’s across the street from the United Nations Building.

The place is a slaughterhouse. On each of the flags upon which normally flutters the flags of the various nations, instead are draped impaled corpses (corpses from Every Nation! Fun!).

There are burnt-out cars. A bus with the top torn off of it, filled with headless corpses. The sickest Hironymous Bosch stuff you can think of.

CAPTION
New York City, Project Entry Universe.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko crosses the street, towards the glowing blue circle. He steps over the double-yellow traffic lines in the center of the street. The lines are made out of dismembered human limbs stacked end-to-end.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko is halfway across the UN plaza and is entering the glowing blue circle. Next to the glowing circle is the famous “swords into plowshares” sculpture. This Universe’s HENRY BENDIX is impaled on the sword/plowshare. Hanging by his face from the hammer of the sculpture is this Universe’s THE MIDNIGHTER.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 7 **7**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Jukko steps out of a RED CIRCLE onto the StormWatch teleportation grid. KHALID TEFIBI runs the transporter. Standing next to Khalid is AVI BARAK, the punk kid telepath from issue #4.

CAPTION
New York City.

TEFIBI
No problems? I mean, aside from the usual... the, uh, I mean, all the-

JUKKO
There were no problems.

BARAK
Hello, sir. I heard you were coming in, so I wanted to stop by and see how you were doing.

JUKKO
I’m fine, I suppose. I appreciate your ***NOT*** asking.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko’s off the platform, standing next to Khalid and Jukko looks downcast. Avi smiles. Tefibi is confused looking.

BARAK
I’m never asking you another question as long as I live.

JUKKO
Yes. I am sorry to have burdened you with my... **HISTORY**.

BARAK
I asked. I got what I deserved. Hyvaa Paiva, Jukko.

JUKKO
Paiva paiva, Avi.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. In the background, Jukko waves over his shoulder as he walks away. Tefibi looks up at Barak, perplexed.

TEFIBI
What was all that about? I mean, I know the transporter’s a real mindfuck and all, but-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARAK
Today’s the anniversary of Finland’s Second Winter War.

TEFIBI
Oh.

BARAK
Tell me about it. If Grunier hadn’t found a way to block most of what I pulled out of him from my memory, I’d probably be insane right now.

PAGE 8 **8**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Okay, here we go... what we’re doing here is hinting at WHAT happened to Jukko.

Okay, we’re going full-out FREAKTOWN in this picture. Dig this old science-fiction cover:

http://www.micahwright.com/images/SW8Ref-1.jpg

That’s kinda what I’d like to see here... a weird, ethereal other-sphere with Jukko trapped in some sick machine like this one, a machine which is doing SOMETHING to him. I like the way that this machine holds the guy in such an unnatural position... ours should also be rather uncomfortable to look at.

Jukko’s hair is burnt off and his skin should be all translucent, but with STRANGE and abnormal bodily structure beneath it, like this picture:

http://www.micahwright.com/images/SW8Ref-4.jpg

BARAK (CAPTION)
I still have nightmares about what was in his head when I scanned him.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On Barak, horrified by something inside his mind. Tefibi at the bottom of the screen.

BARAK
Awful fucking things. I wake up screaming.

TEFIBI
Does he?

BARAK
No. He wakes up laughing.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Tefibi and Barak fuck around to relieve the tension.

TEFIBI
How the fuck did I get drafted into this crazy fucking unit? More important, how the fuck do I get out?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BARAK
Hey, you like questions, Tefibi? Here’s one: You ever fantasize about having sex with your mother?

TEFIBI
Stop that shit, right now, man!

BARAK
Oh, Dude, I can see her now, she’s totally hot.

TEFIBI
Get out of my head, you little psycho!

PAGE 9 **9**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Jukko walks into a bar. A neon sign in the front window reads “THE HOOK AND LADDER.” There are other neon beer signs in the window to indicate that it’s a bar.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko sits alone in a darkened booth at the back of the bar.

MIDNIGHTER (OFFSCREEN)
Mind if I sit down?

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. A figure in a trench coat stands next his table holding two beers. We can only see the figure from the waist to the chest. It’s THE MIDNIGHTER in civilian clothes.

JUKKO
Please do. Take some weight off of that hip...
your pain is killing me.

MIDNIGHTER
Good. You deserve it. After all...

PAGE 10 **10**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Upshot. Over the shoulder of Jukko looking up at The Midnighter in Civvies. He’s wearing a London Fog trenchcoat, snappy slacks and a black turtleneck sweater. He appeared in one of The Authority issues drawn by Chris Weston, so have Ben send you those so you can see what he looks like underneath all his leather. He’s got short-cropped blonde hair and looks a bit like a tough Joe Jackson if I remember correctly.

MIDNIGHTER
...you’re the one who did it to me.

JUKKO
That’s odd, Midnighter. I never would have pegged you as a blonde.

MIDNIGHTER
Dye job. I’m actually a redhead. You?

JUKKO
If all my follicles hadn’t been burned out of my skin? Blonde.

MIDNIGHTER
This your regular bar? It’s a bit of a dive, isn’t it?

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Midnighter sits down across from Jukko. In the distance is a guy with horrible burn scars on his face. He toasts two other guys, a huge smile on his melted face.

JUKKO
It’s a firemen’s bar. Guy with a face like mine doesn’t stick out too much.

JUKKO
I’m glad you came. I wondered if you would after what happened two weeks ago.

MIDNIGHTER
Yeah, well you broke my knee, fractured a hip and messed up my arm. I thought about finding you and snapping your neck.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Midnighter drinks his beer.

CONTINUED:

MIDNIGHTER
Then I remembered that you dragged my unconscious ass out of a near-nuclear strike. When I got up on my feet three days later, I did a little digging into your History.

JUKKO
History. History is a nightmare from which I cannot awake.

MIDNIGHTER
Look, I went through the Pentagon’s records, I know what happened to you in Finland-

PAGE 11 **11**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Two-shot on Jukko & Midnighter. Jukko’s pissed.

JUKKO
You **know**? You don’t **know.** You can’t **imagine**, much less **know.** So you read the Pentagon’s records. You think I told **them** the real story?

MIDNIGHTER
Why don’t you fill me in then?

JUKKO
Why don’t you fill me in about where you people were that month? Where was the glorious **Authority** when my country was being turned into an abattoir?

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On Midnighter, looking down at his beer. Ashamed.

MIDNIGHTER
We didn’t notice the beginning of it. A war was started by a parallel universe...

MIDNIGHTER
When we returned, the masking wall was up and we never knew anything was wrong until the survivors came pouring into Sweden.

MIDNIGHTER
We were asleep at the switch. We know that. I know that.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On Jukko.

JUKKO
I’m glad you feel bad.

JUKKO
But that doesn’t bring back my Eight Million countrymen, does it?

JUKKO
And you’re wrong. It started far before than the week you were gone fighting your little war.

PAGE 12 **12**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. We’re in a small town. Across a small field, a TON of old 1939-era Soviet troops and Soviet tanks are firing down upon us. One guy is disintegrated by a high explosive round. The church is on fire, make us feel the terror of these civilians.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
It started in November 1939 when Stalin ordered his troops to take over Finland.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
They invaded with 460,000 men and over 2,000 tanks. The smug bastard even sent along a military band so that they could throw him a victory parade after his troops conquered us.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Our President begged the League of Nations for help. When they did nothing, he sent our children to Sweden to keep them from becoming Stalin’s slaves. We fielded 160,000 men with no heavy artillery. No one expected us to last two weeks.

PANEL TWO

Frozen landscape. A soviet tank is aflame in the midground. The frozen face of a dead Soviet soldier, eyes open, stares blankly at camera. In the background, a group of Finnish mountain ski-fighters skis away from the battle.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Four months later, our lines were unbroken and the Soviets had lost over 400,000 men. Afraid to appear weak in front of Hitler and Japan, Stalin pulled out, keeping 10% of our country as his price for Peace.

PANEL THREE

In the Kremlin. Fancy room, beautiful furniture. Wide Angle on Stalin. Pissed. Shooting one of his Generals in the head. The General’s brains spatter all over the wall, on which is a map of Finland/USSR.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
We had won, but now we had an enemy perched on our borders looking for any reason, any excuse, any sign of weakness to give them the courage to roll into our country again.

PAGE 13 **13**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. An atomic bomb explosion in the middle of large flat zone.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
We had to find a way to permanently deter Soviet attack. This was even more essential after the Soviets built their first Atomic Bombs.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Budapest, Hungary. 1956. A square filled with people fleeing from Russian tanks which fire into the crowd. In the foreground, the giant Bronze head of Stalin lies decapitated in the street. Photo Reference:

http://www.micahwright.com/images/stalin1.jpg

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Our politicians cuddled up to the Soviets in an effort to keep them from crushing our democracy, but nothing seemed to mollify them.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Then, in 1956, the Soviets invaded Hungary and crushed the democratic uprising there. We saw how the United States did Nothing.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
When it happened again in 1968 in Prague, it scared our politicians even more.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. A freaky 50's-movie science lab, everyone in a white smock and weird three-inch-thick black protective glasses. In the foreground panel left, a scientist flips a lever. Panel right in the background, other scientists watch as a monkey twitches in a strange machine... a primitive version of what we saw Jukko in earlier. Lightning arcs off of the monkey's body in the air.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Our best geneticists had seen newsreel footage of The High. We had seen Hitler's Ubermenschen experiments of the Second World War. Some of them had even met Jenny Sparks.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
They were determined to create an army of Superheroes to protect Finland.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUKKO(cont'd)

All they needed was a group of fools stupid
enough to volunteer.

PAGE 14 **14**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. An old photo. Four young, athletic, naked Finns. One brunette guy, a blonde woman and two blondes, very obviously brothers, they look so much alike. They're all naked and half submerged in a frozen pond. Snow on the ground, ice on the water (they've broken out a section to stand in (it's a Finnish thing... they sauna together naked regardless of mixed sex groups, then run outdoors and jump in frozen lakes. Don't ask me why, man, I only lived there).

JUKKO (O.S.)
That's me on the left with my old unit, the Osasto Karhu. The Bear Force. We were Finland's anti-terrorist police.

MIDNIGHTER (O.S.)
I never heard of any terrorism in Finland.

JUKKO (O.S.)
Exactly.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On Midnighter, leaning forward, curious.

MIDNIGHTER
So you volunteered for enhancement?

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On Jukko. Looking down at his hands. Is he ashamed of this, perhaps?

JUKKO
No. I wouldn't. I was afraid.

PAGE 15 **15**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Superheroes and plenty of them. They fly through screen wearing variations on the blue-and-white national colors of Finland. In the foreground are the Brunette guy, the Blonde woman and the Blonde man from the photo.

It might be funny if you riffed on the bad character design aspects of the early Image comics... weird bandoliers strapped onto people’s thighs and arms, giant pointless metal shoulder pads, costumes which appear to be painted on, not made of cloth at all, freakish musculature, blatant rip-offs of old X-Men designs, that sort of thing.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
But my brother, my best friend and my fiancee did volunteer.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
The sad part is that they succeeded just in time for the entire exercise to become pointless.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. That great footage from 1989 when the Berlin Wall fell. People standing upon the top of the wall. Some guy slapping the base of it with a sledgehammer

http://www.guardian.co.uk/wall/galleryguide/0,6143,196812,00.html

JUKKO (CAPTION)
The Berlin Wall fell. Eastern Europe freed itself of its shackles, and finally the Soviet Union itself fell to pieces.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
We had built an army to fight a war which would never come. Without a purpose, our superheroes drifted aimlessly.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Young Jukko (with no scars and a full head of hair) and Kyllikki walk away from one another.

JUKKO
Kyllikki and I didn’t seem to have much in common any longer. We broke off our engagement. My brother, Lemminkainen, went into Politics.

PAGE 16 **16**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Lemminkainen, Jukko’s brother stands at a podium giving a speech in full Kennedy mode. He wears an expensive tailored suit and a blue-and-white tie which recalls his silly superhero outfit. Back and to the right is Jukko, looking proud.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I was proud of him. For a while. Until I realized what was happening.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
You see, my brother’s powers all derived from thought. He could fly by wishing it to be. He could turn away bullets by thinking about it.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
He was the most empathic person I’d ever known before the experiments. Afterwards, well...

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. POV from the speaker’s podium. The crowd is inflamed, their eyes wide open, shouting, rapturous looks on their faces.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
He could work a crowd better than Hitler. There was a palpable connection between him and the people. He knew just which buttons to push and when.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
One day he’d whip the country into a furor about Russian crime and the government’s inability to stop it from pouring over our borders. The next day,it was the threat to our Pure Finnish blood posed by Turkish immigration.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Lemminkainen grins as he looks out onto the crowd. Crazy. Standing by his side is Kyllikki, her hand in his.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
In a vain attempt to justify their own existence, our Superheroes slowly turned on a new enemy...

PAGE 17 **17**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Death Camp, 1999 style. Tall metal fences with Razor Wire atop of it ring quonset huts.

Overmuscled super guards drop piles of corpses into an open ditch. Another supergoon burns the corpses with fire-blasts from his arms.

Cowed humans are pushed towards a “medical” building marked with a Red Cross.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
The humans amongst them.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
See, Lemminkainen came to believe that Humanity was an evolutionary dead end. He was determined to uplift the rest of us to his exalted position.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Anyone who didn’t survive the process... well, they were a regrettable waste of raw materials.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On Jukko sitting across the table from the Midnighter.

JUKKO
That’s why I grit my teeth every time I hear one of you refer to yourselves as “post-human.”

MIDNIGHTER
We don’t mean it in the way you’re taking it-

JUKKO
Bullshit. Once you stop thinking of yourselves as human, it becomes all too easy to start thinking of the rest of us as something you need to take care of. Like pets.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Lemminkainen stands in front of Young, Smooth-Faced, Hairy Jukko as two overmuscled freaks strap Jukko onto a six-foot round metal sphere. He faces outwards, his back bent in an uncomfortable position, arms and legs spread out behind him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUKKO (CAPTION)
That’s how my brother felt. Like he need to take care of me.

PAGE 18 **18**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. A series of Metal Spikes jab from outwards from inside the metal sphere, penetrating Jukko's body like an Iron Maiden. Blood runs down the spikes. Electrical arcs stream out of Jukko, running along the spikes. He's screaming.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
He had a funny way of showing it.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
They worked on me for Eight Months. They tried everything in their repertory: drugs, surgical DNA alteration, temporally-induced evolution, exposure to raw Gen-Factor gasses. I fought it every step of the way.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Later. A metal claw hauls Jukko up out of a vat of slimy fluids. He looks as if the skin is being stripped from his body. All the scientists around him are in clean-room suits so that none of the chemicals can get on them.

Lemminkainen stands there in normal clothes. He has created a force-bubble around himself... a film of dripping chemicals hovers above him in a smooth arc, dripping away from him. Think Invisible Woman type-stuff.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
And the whole time, my brother was there. Gently nudging with his mental powers. Pushing me to give in. To accept his gift.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
He could have FORCED me to give in, the way he had forced so many other people... but I think he needed me to WANT it.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Later. An Operating Theater. A group of Surgeons in strange Red Pointy-hooded Operating Garments wearing those creepy 3-inch thick black glasses are posed around a table operating on Jukko, implanting things into him.

Next to Jukko's strapped-down head is Lemminkainen, stroking his hair. Whispering to him.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
He had hard-wired himself into the hearts and minds of the nation with his telepathic powers. He felt what they felt. They felt what he felt. One big loving family.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUKKO (CAPTION)
It frustrated him that I would dare to decline his gifts. He obsessed over my transformation.

JUKKO
Eventually, he just wore me down.

PAGE 19 **19**

PANEL ONE

Full Widescreen, 3/5 page tall. Close on Jukko in the creepy sci-fi machine we saw on Page 8. Lemminkainen turns a weird dial on the machine, torturing his own brother. Jukko should look like one of those crazy sci-fi magazine covers by now... something along the lines of this (but worse):

http://www.micahwright.com/images/SW8Ref-1.jpg

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I wasn’t strong enough. I let down my mental fight for just a moment... and his machine tore its way into my heart’s most secret desire, granting me the superpowers he was sure I was secretly yearning for.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Lemminkainen has laid Jukko out on a mat on the floor. He gingerly cradles Jukko’s shoulders, gazing down into his brother’s cracked, ruined, almost-skinless head. Lemminkainen smiles, broadly.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I don’t think he would have done that if he’d known what my secret innermost desire was at that point.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko reaches up and touches Lemminkainen’s face. A small spark leaps from Jukko’s finger to Lem’s face. VERY SMALL.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I only wanted to show him what it had all felt like.

PAGE 20 **20**

C’mon... you knew there was going to be a switch-up somewhere, right?

PANEL ONE - FULL PAGE SHOT

You know those posters where they form an image out of thousands of other, tinier images using computer color-matching software? Like the Truman Show film poster?

http://www.hundland.com/posters/t/TheTrumanShow-Advance.jpg

That’s kind of what I’m thinking for this panel, but instead of other photos, just use little blurry people for more of a pointillism effect. Does that make any sense? Yeah, me neither. Here’s some reference that’s closer to what I have in mind:

http://www.micahwright.com/images/SW8Ref-2.jpg

JUKKO (CAPTION)
I didn’t realize how intimately connected to the entire country he was.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
The bio-feedback killed almost everyone he’d ever connected to.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
And it shorted out my own newly-granted powers, turning them back onto themselves. Leaving me with the unenviable superpower of feeling the pain of every being within a four-mile radius.

JUKKO (CAPTION)
Which is why until today, I’ve lived in a cabin deep in the woods of an empty country.

PAGE 21 **21**

PANEL ONE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On the Midnighter & Jukko.

MIDNIGHTER
Wait a second. Until today? What changed today?

JUKKO
I’ve left Finland. Permanently. It’s why I invited you here tonight. I wanted you to know what I’m doing and why.

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Midnighter juts a finger at Jukko.

MIDNIGHTER
What? If this is some kind of threat-

JUKKO
Stop reverting to type. Violence really doesn’t become you.

MIDNIGHTER
That’s... certainly the first time anyone’s told me THAT.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. On Jukko.

JUKKO
Look, after Lemminkainen died, we left up the masking wall. Finland has been empty for three years. The few of us who remain have discussed the situation, and we’ve decided to open the country up as an international safe haven for refugees.

JUKKO
Anyone, from anywhere. We will provide transport, a new home, new job, new life. Two rules.

MIDNIGHTER (O.S.)
Ah, here we go.

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko & Midnighter two-shot.

CONTINUED:

JUKKO
Number one, you learn Finnish as your primary language.

MIDNIGHTER
Easier said than done. Your word for “one” has two syllables in it.

JUKKO
Rule Number Two, NO SUPERHUMANS. None. For any reason. Natural born or otherwise.

PANEL FIVE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko looks down at the table.

JUKKO
Including me. ESPECIALLY me. I never get to go back home.

MIDNIGHTER
So, you’re what, the Moses of Finland?

MIDNIGHTER
I dunno... I don’t think you have the beard for it.

PAGE 22 **22**

PANEL ONE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko points at Midnighter.

JUKKO
And not you, either! Not you and not the Authority, not the Wildcats, or any superhumans at all.

MIDNIGHTER
Or what else what?

JUKKO
Or else what. Remember I said that “most of the people” controlled by Lemminkainen were killed when his brain overloaded?

PANEL TWO

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko grins wide. Creepy!

JUKKO
There’s almost **2000** superhuman Finns left. We outnumber The Authority by a factor of 300 to 1.

JUKKO
See, one of the other things we learned from the Winter War of ‘39 was not to trust the International Community to do anything they’ve promised to do.

JUKKO
Anyone crosses Finland’s borders, we’ll burn them off the face of the planet.

PANEL THREE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Jukko and Midnighter stare at one another.

MIDNIGHTER
So.

JUKKO
So.

MIDNIGHTER
I like it. This world deserves at least one country with no superhumans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Midnighter and Jukko get up from the table.

MIDNIGHTER
You hungry? There’s a diner near here where we can get grits.

JUKKO
Yeah, I could eat. One condition.

MIDNIGHTER
What’s that?

PANEL FIVE

Widescreen, 1/5 page tall. Midnighter and Jukko head for the door. Midnighter is smiling.

JUKKO
What are grits?

MIDNIGHTER
Grits? Grits are $1.50.

JUKKO
Yes, but what ARE they?

MIDNIGHTER
Oh, what ARE they?

PANEL SIX

Small inset panel. Midnighter smiling a shit-eating grin.

MIDNIGHTER
Grits are a dollar fifty.

THE END, BABY!

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

THE UNITED NATIONS:

ONLINE VIRTUAL TOUR OF THE UN:
http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html

HERE'S A 360-DEGREE PANORAMIC QUICKTIME OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL chamber: http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm